

The Comickall Historie of

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducate for thee,
And *Launcelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Masters guest,
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pa-
gan, most sweet Iewe; if a Christian doe not play the Knave and
get thee, I am much deceived; but adiew, these foolish drops
doe something drowne my manly spirit: adiew. *Exit*.

Ies. Farewell good *Launcelet*.
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me
To be asham'd to bee my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. *Exit*.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will flinke away in Supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Grat. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Salan. Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
To furnish vs; friend *Launcelet* what's the newes.

Enter Launcelet.

Launcelet. And it shall please you to breake up this, it shall
seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ. *Grat*. Love, newes in faith.

Launc. By your leave sir. *Loren*. Whither goest thou.

Launc. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iewe to sup to
night with my new Master the Christian.

Loren. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica*

I will

the Merchant of Venice.

I will not faile her, speake it privatly.
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne*.

Salar. I marry, Ile be gone about it strait.

Salan. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano*, at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence. *Salar*. Tis good we doe so. *Exit*.

Grat. Was not that Letter from faire *Iessica*.

Loren. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages sure shee hath in readinesse:
If ere the Iewe her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake,
And never dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Vnlesse she doe it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iewe:
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire *Iessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit*.

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*;
What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gurmardize
As thou hast done with me: what *Iessica*,
And sleepe, and shone, and rend apparell out.
Why *Iessica* I say. *Clowne*. VVhy *Iessica*.

Shy. VVho bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.

Clow. Your worship was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Iessica.

Iessica. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*,
There are my keyes: but wherefore should I goe?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feed upon
The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my girle,
Looke to my house, I am right loth to goe,

There